



SECOND SERIES.

NO. V.—THE STORY OF CROWSEDGE

A FIXED aversion to notoriety is one of Mr. Flaxman Low's most marked characteristics. Had this not been so, he would undoubtedly have formed the subject of many an interview in the illustrated magazines. But his manner of life and pursuits set him apart from the common lot, and he stands aloof, a solitary and interesting figure surrounded by his books, his Egyptian treasures, and his grotesque memories, a man who has dived deep into the past and also explored daringly beyond the borders of that vast realm of mystery, of which the public catch but a very slight glimpse through the medium of these stories.

Athlete, Egyptologist, and psychical student, his is a strangely blended existence, at one moment breathing the mental atmosphere of the Sixth Dynasty, the next hour perhaps fighting single-handed some fearless battle

against an opponent from whom the bravest need find no shame in accepting defeat. But Flaxman Low is a man, who finds defeat intolerable; with him there is no end to a struggle, he will pursue the interpretation of a tough linguistic problem in exactly the same spirit as he applies himself to the elucidation of the most baffling and dangerous psychical phenomena. Yet this unassuming English gentleman, who combines in his own personality the reckless courage of a Regency blood and the knowledge of a profound scholar, is best known among his friends for his kind smile and the genial help he is ready to offer in every case of need.

The following story differs from those which have gone before it, in that it does not deal solely with the mystery of some haunted spot; it draws across the page another figure, possessing in a



Crowsedge.
From a photograph.

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high degree the intellectual grasp, the wide knowledge and the exhaustive will-power which distinguish Mr. Low, but using them for very different purposes.

In the beginning of 1893 Dr. Kalmarkane first rose upon the horizon of Mr. Low's life. Any detailed history of the transactions between them is here impossible, but a slight sketch of one or two of the principal incidents may not be altogether out of place. Up to January, 1893, Mr. Low had very little knowledge of Dr. Kalmarkane beyond the fact that he was a man of extraordinary ability, whose researches had led him deeply into those very recesses of knowledge, to the exploration of which Mr. Low has given up his own life. He also knew that it was Kalmarkane's habit to visit town occasionally, to stalk about for a couple of days on the pavements, to drop in upon psychical meetings, where he would listen to the proceedings with a face of sour scorn, and then to plunge back into the obscurity of his lonely life in some remote corner of the Isle of Purbeck.

The more intimate dealings between these great rivals began on a winter night when a thin powdering of snow lay upon the London pavements. For three days banks of swollen yellowish-grey clouds had rolled up slowly before a north wind that cut round every corner. It was already late, and Mr. Flaxman Low was sitting alone in his chambers in Fassifern Court, when a gentleman was shown up, who carried in with him something of the rawness of the night outside.



Dr. Kalmarkane.

The visitor, as he threw back his thick ulster, showed a young, slim, and well-formed figure; then he flicked a flake or two of snow from his small, black imperial, and stood in some embarrassment opposite to Mr. Low.

"Do you remember a fresher, who came up to Oxford the year you left, of the name of d'Imiran?" he said.

Mr. Flaxman Low extended his hand.

"You must forgive me," he said. "The hair on your face alters you a good deal. I recollect meeting you very often at your cousin's rooms, and, believe me, I am very heartily glad to see you. Where is Field? Still in China?"

Mr. Low now had time to look at his visitor. He saw that d'Imiran's eyes were restless, and that he seemed worn out for want of sleep.

"Yes, bug-hunting up the Hoang-ho when last I heard of him," replied d'Imiran perfunctorily. Then fixing his dark eyes on Mr. Low, he added: "Mr. Low, I have been driven here to-night by the sheer necessity of sharing a secret with some human soul. Do you happen to know Dr. Kalmarkane? He is a hirsute giant, with a tremendous frame,

raw-boned, and ungainly. He has a long, strong, fleshy nose, a shock head of dark grey hair, and a ragged beard, which he is in the habit of twisting into spirals as he talks."

"I know something of him."

"You can't know him as I do. I have spent the last six months in his house. I daresay you fail to see why that fact should send me to disturb you at 10.30, but——"

Flaxman Low had in the meantime been

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attending to the wants of his guest. As d'Imiran paused, he smiled.

"My dear d'Imiran," he said, "I would gladly get up in the middle of my beauty-sleep to offer my sympathy to any man who had spent six months with Kalmarkane. Pray, tell me what I can do for you."

"I have been twenty-seven weeks under his roof," went on d'Imiran, "and I can only tell you that I grew to dislike the man more every day of that time. There are mysteries about him; but you will hear enough of them if you will allow me to tell you my story. I know that I am straining your forbearance in coming to you with this tale; I know I have no right to ask you to listen to me, and I am almost afraid that at the end of it all I shall find you laughing at me. But I thought you were my best chance. There is no other man in London who would hear half-a-dozen sentences without advising me to see a nerve specialist and knock off work. But I assure you there is nothing whatever wrong with me in that way. I have not been overworking, though I admit that for the last six weeks the pressure of what I am about to tell you has bothered me."

"I am entirely at your service, and I promise to give you as fair a hearing as possible," said Low. "Am I right in supposing that you have studied medicine?"

D'Imiran nodded.

"I won the Scully Scholarship, which took me round the European schools of medicine. I have been house-surgeon at St. Martha's, and I have passed various necessary—and unnecessary—exams. About a year ago I felt that I must begin to turn some of the knowledge I had in my head into coin, and a friend of mine, knowing what I wanted, introduced me to Dr. Kalmarkane, who happened to be in need of an assistant with my qualifications to aid him for a time in his researches.

"The terms he offered me were good, so good that I accepted his proposal, and went down in June to Dorset, where he lives in a lonely house, called Crowsedge. It lies between miles of empty heath and miles of sand dunes. There Kalmarkane leads the life of a savage, a half-blind and almost idiotic old crone being the only creature he

can get to serve him in the whole countryside, where he bears a most evil reputation; and the sight of his huge figure, swinging a heavy yellow cane he carries, is enough to make people take to the bypaths to avoid him. If I were to repeat the many anecdotes which his self-centred and morose habits have given rise to, I should keep you up into the small hours. But I will hurry on as quickly as I can into the core of my story.

"Kalmarkane is, in fact, a sullen savage, who works eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and the range of his knowledge is almost incredible. The object of his studies is a secret he keeps in his own brain, and I may say I have never fathomed its precise nature. Once or twice I put out a feeler to discover in what direction our researches were leading us, but I was met with a black look and a monosyllabic reply. At last on one occasion he told me that I was merely a hired servant, and that he did not pay me to pry into his affairs.

"This was in September, just before he started for Jutland to be present at the opening of some tumuli belonging to the Bronze Age. However he smoothed the thing over with a sort of apology, and begged me to remain. After his return Kalmarkane's attitude towards me altered. He allowed me to go further into every investigation, until, in fact, we trenched upon things with which I plainly refused to have anything to do. He towered over me with gripping hands as if he could have killed me, then he conquered himself and laughed: 'I believed you to be a man with a true love of knowledge, and I must remind you of Professor Clifford's words, "that it is wrong, always, everywhere, and for anyone to believe anything upon insufficient evidence,"' he said. 'You and I are merely searching for the truth, Mr. d'Imiran, but I will for the future remember your susceptibilities. I myself think that your prejudice is an almost inconceivable survival of the mediæval superstition that certain kinds of knowledge are unlawful.' I replied that there were certain methods of acquiring knowledge which were certainly unlawful!"

D'Imiran paused and drew his handkerchief across his white lips.

"We were, and for that matter, are engaged

in carrying out various investigations which bear upon an obscure subject. You, of course, know Kalmarkane's work on 'Potencies of Etheric Energy,' dealing with the subject from the standpoint that such energies are excited and may be controlled by the mental condition. You can imagine where this might lead one —"

"I am acquainted with the book."

"Now pray consider what I am about to tell you as possible fact," continued d'Imiran,

"though I confess that without the evidence of my own senses I could not have been brought to regard the thing in that light. After this conversation I became aware that Kalmarkane had grown to dislike me in a positive and malignant manner, which he nevertheless took pains to hide. Now I come to the point of my story. I have only two separate and not necessarily connected facts to put before you, both of which, however, go to prove that Kalmarkane is possessed of strange powers.

"Crowsedge is built on to a little square tower, which is probably of much older date than the house itself. The upper part of the tower serves Kalmarkane as a study, while the lower portion is a bare, damp, flagged

space. The connecting stairs are of stone, very steep and narrow, which lead through a hole cut in the study floor on to a small, partitioned landing. One side of these steps is attached to the wall, the other is unprotected by even a handrail, so that a slip or fall would send you headlong on to the flags below. One evening Kalmarkane, who was in my laboratory, sent me to fetch some papers from the tower. I had never before been allowed to enter the study alone.

"I carried a candle, and must mention that I was wearing a knickerbocker suit, with shoes, not boots. I found the papers at once, and at the same time happened to notice an ancient oblong box, which Kalmarkane had obtained from the tumuli in Jutland. It was lying on the floor, open and empty. When I was returning down the steps an unaccountable incident occurred. I have explained to you the position of that flight of steps. On my right there was the blank wall, on my left an open space, and I was about fourteen feet from the ground.

"I fancied I heard someone moving, and, holding my candle over my head, I bent and looked down into the square, flagged room below. As I did so, a hand suddenly grasped my left ankle, and jerked me off my feet with a violent wrench. I crashed down on to the flags, and by what good luck I escaped having



"A hand suddenly grasped my left ankle."

my neck broken I can't say. I put out my hands to save my head and pitched on my shoulder, and so got off with a severe shaking. Now, Mr. Low, I contend that no human arm could have reached me in the position I have described to you!"

"What had Kalmarkane to say about it?" asked Flaxman Low.

"He insisted that I had slipped in some way. I felt it better to seem to accept that explanation. But look here," and d'Imiran

"I touched the hand,
and—it was warm!"



pulled down his sock. "I did not show him that!"

Upon the ankle was the distinct mark of a thumb and fingers clearly outlined in bruises.

"Will you notice one peculiarity about this?" said d'Imiran. "You perceive that it is the mark of a small hand, the grasp is short, the fingers slender, yet you can judge of its extraordinary strength."

"Now for the other incident," said Mr. Low.

"Next day I was at work as usual, but I could not sleep. I had a perpetual horror of that grasping hand. Then followed a

most extraordinary coincidence, if it can never be proved to be anything more. I have told you that I had never entered Kalmarkane's study alone excepting on the one occasion immediately before my fall. One afternoon Kalmarkane had gone out for one of his long rambles over the heath, when I found myself at a standstill while making some notes, for I wished to verify a passage from an old treatise on alchemy, which Kalmarkane had carried off to his study during the morning. For a few minutes I hesitated. It was early in the afternoon, and, recollecting that he had already sent me there, I decided on finding out if the study door were open, and if so to take it as a sign that Kalmarkane would have no objection to my going in.

"I passed along the passage which led to the tower, and went up the steps, and as the handle turned quite easily, I went in. I saw the treatise I had come for at once. It lay on the farther side of the table, just beyond the box I had seen before. I bent across to get the book, and in doing so I perceived something in the box which startled me.

"Inside lay a human hand and part of a forearm. From its size I judged it to be the hand of a woman. It was brown and rough-skinned, and the wrist bore a bronze bracelet. I noticed that the bracelet was a ring open at one side, and decorated by those combinations of straight and curved lines so characteristic of the Bronze Age. Crowsedge, I must tell you, is full of the singular paraphernalia indispensable for studies such as Kalmarkane's, and odds and ends of humanity were not very unusual.

"But there was something in the appearance of this hand lying there, sienna-brown upon the discoloured cloths, that gave a horrible suggestion of life! It was resting back upwards with half-closed fingers, the muscles and flesh rising firmly over the bones. At the point of scission the surface was drawn and dried, so that separation from the body was not of recent date. I give you all these details in full, and I can swear to them. By chance, or, perhaps, out of curiosity, I touched the hand, and—it was warm!

"I declare to you that hand and arm felt in every particular like living flesh! I was

still stooping over it, when I heard a sound behind me, and looked up to find Kalmarkane glaring at me with a diabolical expression. 'What are you doing here?' he roared. I answered that I was examining the hand. He shut down the lid of the box with a sharp movement. 'That severed hand has a history,' he said, with a sinister laugh. 'It has let out many a man's life, and—who knows?'

"That little incident decided me. I came up to town for a few days, and I felt impelled to-night, before returning to Crowsedge, to come and tell you all about it."

Mr. Low was silent for some time, then he asked:

"It is a very strange story, but I should be sorry to say it was not a true one. Put into plain words, you wish me to understand that Dr. Kalmarkane possesses a hand and arm, presumably from the ornament upon it, belonging to some prehistoric man or woman of the Bronze Age; that this human remnant is endowed with life, and further putting certain facts together, you are inclined to think that Kalmarkane can use this hand for his own purposes?"

D'imiran heard Low out with his face buried in his hands. After Low had ceased speaking, however, he raised his head and replied:

"Put in that bald and blunt fashion, it sounds nothing more or less than the worst kind of madness!" he said despondently, "yet I am a sane man at this moment. Also I have seen these things. Much as I know of Kalmarkane's studies, I am not acquainted with his occult methods. The man has power of some kind which defies the limits of ordinary knowledge. He knows infinitely more than other men. Besides, who can say nowadays that anything is beyond possibility? Are there not well-known facts, such as hypnotism, suggestion, evidences of submerged personality, and so on, of which it is out of our power to give any adequate explanation in scientific terms?"

"All this is quite true," admitted Flaxman Low. "But just now, to come to the practical side, what do you propose to do?"

D'imiran got on to his feet, and his dark face looked resolute.

"I am going back there by the midnight train, because I am determined to get to the bottom of this. But I have told you how matters stand, Low, so that you may know what to do in case I don't return. This is Tuesday; if I am not here by Sunday I shall be dead."

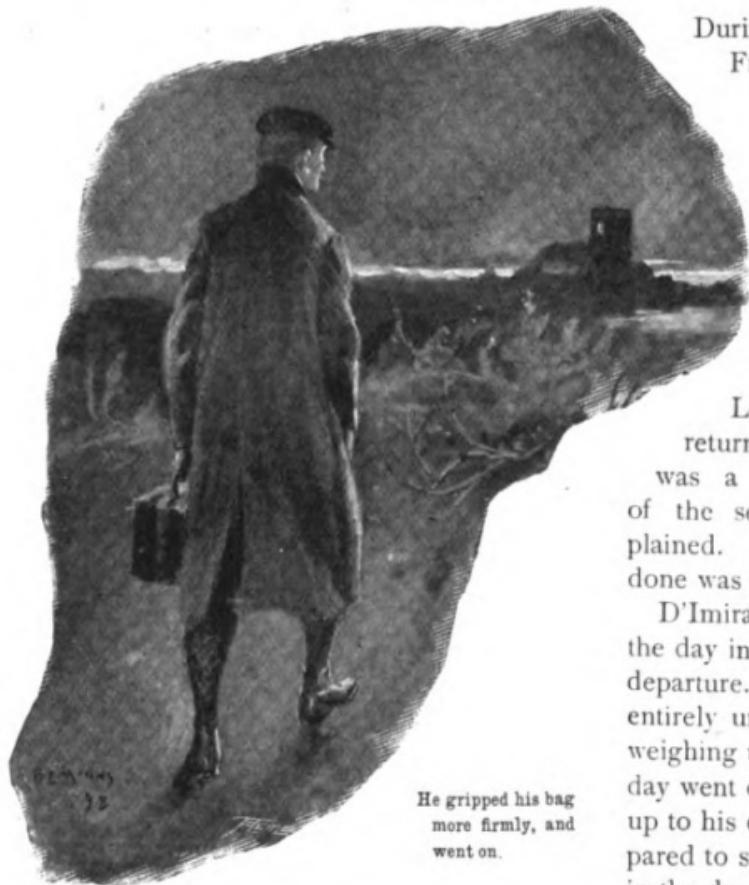
"I don't think you are acting wisely in pitting yourself single-handed against such a man as you believe Kalmarkane to be."

"Thank you, but I am resolved to go through with it. I have also to thank you for the patient hearing you have given me, and for even seeming to believe me. I shall feel infinitely more confidence now that I am sure if I lose my life you will in some manner try to bring it home to Kalmarkane. I am convinced his power is the result of occult processes, which for want of a better term may still come under the head of Black Magic." D'imiran stopped and smiled with a satirical twist of the lip. "Black Magic! A couple of months ago I should have sent any man expressing my present opinions to a lunatic asylum."

"To conventional ears your story would certainly sound doubtful," said Low. "But, however that may be, the fact remains that Kalmarkane, from whatever source he derives his powers, is dangerous. You are still bent on returning to Crowsedge? Well, goodbye."

Crowsedge is a lonely, plain-looking house built on to a squat square tower of Portland stone. From the high road a rough track leads towards it over some miles of lonely heath; through dips where marsh and sedge encroach upon the footway, and on across wide ups and downs of dense, wiry heather, where each undulation seems to cut one off more and more hopelessly from the outer world. On the seaward edge of this wild land, Kalmarkane's house rose on the horizon like a stranded ship on a desert shore. At least so it appeared to d'imiran as he walked over the heath towards it on the morning following his visit to Flaxman Low. Behind the tower crowded rugged sand dunes, and beyond them again, as d'imiran knew, lay miles of pools and shallows.

With a keener sense of loneliness than he had ever before experienced, he turned and



looked back in the direction of the high road, as if the very sight of its white windings over the downs, suggestive of human proximity and help, might give him renewed courage to face the unclassified dangers which awaited him. But the road had already sunk out of view behind the low ridges of dry heath. For a moment he stopped. After all, was he not a fool to run again the gauntlet of a danger, from which he had once escaped? But then came back upon him the determination to get at the bottom of the unaccountable and evil things he had experienced and seen. D'Imiran came of a stiff-necked stock—Huguenot blood on the one side and Ulster energy on the other. So he gripped his bag more firmly, and went on.

Kalmarkane received him gruffly as usual, but gave him a prolonged and searching stare from under his tufted brows.

D'Imiran at once intimated his intention of leaving Crowsedge for good on the following Saturday, that being the date on which his original engagement would terminate.

"As you please," replied Kalmarkane, "I have no longer any use for your experiments."

During the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Kalmarkane kept to his study, giving short fierce orders that he was on no account to be disturbed.

On the Saturday morning when d'Imiran came down to breakfast, he found on the table a letter, inclosing a handsome cheque for his services, and informing him that Kalmarkane had been obliged to go to London and would probably not return before d'Imiran left. This was a disappointment, for the matter of the severed hand still remained unexplained. However, the only thing to be done was to wait for Kalmarkane's return.

D'Imiran wrote a line to Low, and passed the day in packing and making ready for his departure. Next morning he awoke with an entirely unaccountable feeling of depression weighing upon him, which increased as the day went on. In the late afternoon, he went up to his own room and, lighting a fire, prepared to spend the evening there rather than in the dreary living rooms below. He stood long at his windows; from one he could see the endless moor rising fold behind fold into the distance, from the other dunes and dry sea-grasses, with a far away touch of red and purple lights defining the salt marshes to the south. As the light faded, a fog slid up from the sea, muffling everything from sight, and rolled in waves close against his windows.

At eight o'clock he went down to the dining-room, where he found a cold meal laid out for him, which he knew of old meant that the deaf housekeeper had left Crowsedge for the night on some business of her own. Dinner swallowed, d'Imiran felt impelled to go to the door of Kalmarkane's study, to see if it was fastened. Very carefully he trod the stone stairs, and tried the door. It was fast, and, with something of relief, he came down again and returned to his own room.

He sat drowsily over the fire, dipping into the *Lancet*, but presently he flung the paper upon the sofa, and sat staring into the dull glow of the coals and trying in vain to reason himself out of his causeless depression. He had furnished his room with a few 'Varsity

photographs, and his eyes wandered from one to another as the hand of the clock crept on towards midnight. Presently he heard something like the scrape of a boot on the passage floor outside. He went to the door and peered out, but nothing was to be seen or heard.

Unable to fix his mind on any book, he lay down upon his bed fully dressed as he was, and a sudden sleepiness fell upon him. Judging by subsequent events, he thinks he must have slept for hours, but all through his sleep he seemed to hear a knocking at the door. Again and again, from the depths of a profound weariness, he almost rose to the point of waking—all the while conscious of a vague uneasiness. At length he forced himself awake, and swung from the bed to make up the fire. Then he crouched over it shivering a little, and tried once more to fix his mind on the pages of a magazine. But it was of no use; the words conveyed no meaning to his brain, and he found himself listening to the little vague noises of the house.

Then he began to have trouble with his fire, which waned and smouldered out in spite of his efforts. He took to pacing the room and revolving in his mind the strange incidents he had determined to fathom. But all the while fear was growing upon him. At last with a frantic heartleap he stopped to listen. Someone was softly trying the handle of the door! D'Imiran sat down on the edge of the table. In the silence he could hear the slow drip of the gathering moisture from the eaves on to the broad window-sills. And

then came another sound—two stealthy knuckle-knocks on the door.

"Who's there?" called d'Imiran, in a strained voice.

There was no immediate answer; then two other knocks, still soft, but now grown imperious. The very repetition of the noise served to quiet d'Imiran's shaken nerves, and he finally rose, a good deal ashamed of himself to open the door and see who it was.

The lamp was burning brightly as he stepped swiftly and noiselessly across the floor, and threw open the door.

Only the hollow darkness of the passage met him. But at the same instant he received a violent upward blow under the chin, which sent him reeling back against the wall, choking and dizzy. His senses whirled, then settled. A throttling grip was on his throat, pinning him against the wall with an increasing pressure. Blindly he flung out his hands to thrust away his assailant, but they encountered only the air! Then he knew what it was, and grasped at his throat in a wild struggle for life.

He was wrenching at those slender fingers that seemed of iron, his head and chest bursting under the fearful strain of suffocation, when a laugh, a long, resounding laugh, rang out through the open-doored emptiness of the house. On a sudden the deadly hand dropped off like a ferret from a keeper's hand, and d'Imiran, with an effort that was agony, filled his lungs in a deep breath.

When he came to himself, he saw something lying at his feet. It was the bronze bracelet, with every curve and line of which



Blindly he flung out his hands to thrust away his assailant.

he felt he was familiar. Then he recalled the laughter; Kalmarkane had returned.

D'Imiran fastened himself in, and sitting down at his desk, gave himself to covering sheet after sheet of foolscap. When he had finished, he put the whole into an envelope, and directed it to Flaxman Low, and locked it up in his desk.

It will be well here to give the closing words of this statement, from which the greater part of the foregoing narrative is drawn. After describing minutely the course events had taken since he had parted from Mr. Low, d'Imiran went on to say:—

"And now I can only see one course open before me. I owe a certain duty to myself, and, if I may say so, to my fellow men. Perhaps nobody, with the possible exception of yourself, may believe my very inconceivable story. Nevertheless, I know it to be true, and I feel it to be my only course to tax Kalmarkane with the things I have here written down. What answer I may get from him I do not know. I can only reiterate my firm resolve that, in one way or another, I intend to try and put a stop to what I think I am justified in describing as the man's devilish schemes. I need only add that I am deeply indebted to you for all the consideration you have shown me in this affair.

"Yours very truly,

"G. D'IMIRAN."

Then d'Imiran rose, his eyes searching for a weapon, but nothing presented itself except a heavy geologist's hammer. Snatching it up he ran through the empty rooms, the echo of his footsteps following him until he reached the tower. A light shone from the study above, he mounted the stairs and pushed open the door.

The room was dimly lit, and there, in a high-backed chair, sat the man himself, with a hand in his beard, and the black stump of a cigar clenched between his teeth. D'Imiran turned the key in the door and walked over to the other side of the table, where he stood among a litter of scientific appliances.

"What do you want?" said Kalmarkane slowly, bringing out the words with an effort, and d'Imiran had time to notice that the great hairy face was ghastly pale. "Earlier

in the evening I heard you trying the door I must own that I expected more honourable dealings from so punctilious a gentleman!" he ended, with a sneer.

"I thought you were gone to London."

Kalmarkane raised his big eyebrows contemptuously.

"Naturally. But as it happens, I have been at work here all day. Now what do you want?"

"Where is that fiendish hand?" burst out d'Imiran. "Twice you have tried to murder me by its agency, and now you are not going to leave this room until you have destroyed it."

Kalmarkane rose, his great form standing stark and upright.

"Vapouring!" he said. "What could you do? It is true that I have tried to kill you, but it was merely by way of experiment. Now, however, if you will answer one or two questions, I will let you go. As for the hand—you shall see me destroy it, because it is no longer of any use to me."

As he spoke he took the hand from its box and laid it in a metal bath. Then he poured out a white liquid over it. And d'Imiran saw the brown fingers contract and twitch horribly as the flesh curled and smoked under the action of the acid. In a few moments nothing remained but a little darkish slime. This again was subjected to the draught of a blowpipe, the apparatus connected with which was unlike any that d'Imiran had knowledge of. Its action was effectual, a puff of dust rose from the bath, leaving its surface perfectly clear.

"If I wished to do away with you, d'Imiran," said Kalmarkane grimly, "you see that I have means at my disposal. Yesterday, that process was part of my equipment of power. To-day, I do not any longer need it. All power resides in the mind of the man who knows how to make his will effectual in the spiritual as in the physical world."

Chilled and shaken as he was, the scientist was still strong in d'Imiran.

"Tell me more," he said. "That hand—"

"Do you ask me to tell you when and how that little hand, full as it was of forgotten treacheries, was hewn off in some prehistoric

tragedy? No, d'Imiran, for, though you might believe it to-night, you will doubt the evidence of your own senses to-morrow. Now, go!"

The last d'Imiran saw of Kalmarkane was the hair-framed pallor of his face reflected in a mirror as he closed the door behind him.

* * * * *

"Can you account for his power over the hand?" d'Imiran was saying to Mr. Low during the course of the following afternoon.

"As to that," replied Flaxman Low, "I can do no more than indicate a theory. You are acquainted with the phenomena of moving solid substances which frequently

forms a leading feature in spiritual séances.

The kind of force which is exerted, and the manner in which it is exerted, is still, as you may know, an unsolved problem. When we come to consider the power of Kalmarkane's brain, the years he has

spent upon mastering psychical secrets, and his extensive travels in Thibet and elsewhere, I cannot but think that, starting from some such basis as I have alluded to, he may have gone forward, step by step, until he reached to the extraordinary degree of power of which you were so nearly the victim. The weakness and pallor you mention also go far to support the probability of my surmise."

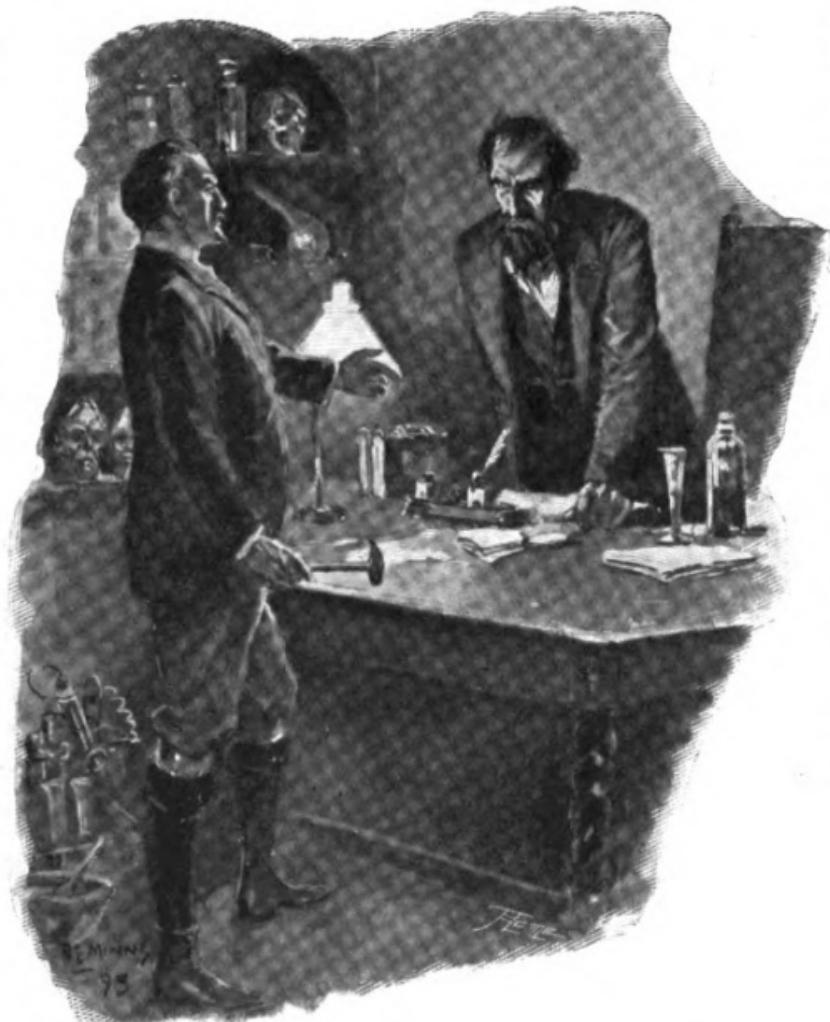
"It may be so," said d'Imiran. "But why, then, did he destroy the thing?"

"Either," answered Low, "he was influenced by your threats, or it has become, as he said, useless to him, because he has ad-

vanced to a still higher point of knowledge."

"Can I do nothing to bring him to account?"

Flaxman Low shook his head. "At present I am afraid not," he said. "Some day, perhaps, we may go a little further into many matters with Dr. Kalmarkane."



"Where is that fiendish hand!" burst out d'Imiran.